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## ARKWRIGHT AND THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.



THE FIRST COTTON-MILL AT CROMFORD.



WILLERSLEY CASTLE.

### SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT AND THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.

One of the prefixed Engravings is an interesting illustration of the life of Sir Richard Arkwright, "one of those extraordinary men whose ingenuity has exerted a most powerful influence upon the condition of civilised society." His progress from obscurity to opulence is fraught with the wholesome lesson, that every man is the architect of his own fortune; that in our happy country, well-directed industry insures its own recompense; and that, however the cares and crosses of life may overshadow the course of the man of integrity, his perseverance must, in the end, receive its just and honourable reward. In the previous page, besides this grand point in the life of Arkwright—the Cotton Mill, wherein his ingenuity was first developed—is Willersley Castle, the noble home raised with his well-earned wealth and enjoyed to this day by his posterity.

Arkwright was born at Preston, in Lancashire, on December 23, 1732. His parents moved in an humble walk of life; and, as he was the youngest of thirteen children, we may suppose that the amount of school-learning which he received was exceedingly scanty. He was brought up to be a barber, which business he carried on in the town of Bolton; and quitting it about the year 1760, he became a dealer in hair. This article he collected by travelling up and down the country; and he considerably increased his business by means of a secret process for dyeing hair, which is said to have been a discovery of his own; though this statement is doubtful.

Little is known of the steps by which Arkwright was led to those inventions, that raised him to distinction. His first effort in mechanics was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion. This direction having been given to his thoughts, it may naturally be supposed that the circumstance of his living in the midst of the linen and cotton manufacture, would lead him to consider the possibility of contriving some machine, by which the disadvantage of slow production might be overcome; for, at this time, the growing demand placed the manufactures in continual difficulty as to procuring the requisite materials.

"Up to the time we have mentioned, the cloths of English manufacture called calicos, which were made in imitation of Indian goods, and so called from Calicut, the place of their production, were formed by a mixture of linen and cotton: the warp was composed of linen and the weft of cotton, it being found impossible, by any means then known, to spin the fibres of cotton into a thread sufficiently strong to be used as warp. The cotton for the weft was at this time delivered in the raw state by the master manu-

facturers, together with the linen yarn, to cottagers living in the little villages of the district, who both carded and spun the cotton wool, and wove the cloth. The demand for these cloths soon became so great, that the females in the weaver's family, by whom the carding and spinning processes were performed, could not prepare sufficient weft to keep the looms employed, and the weaver was obliged to engage additional hands for preparing the cotton. The limit to which this species of employment could be carried was soon reached, and if some more productive mode of spinning than that by the one-thread wheel, then the only machine known, had not been discovered, the progress of the cotton manufacture must have been stopped, or at best would have been extremely slow. Mr. Guest, in his *History of the Cotton Manufacture*, tells us, that at this time 'it was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day.' It has been said that the cotton yarn then produced in England, did not exceed in quantity what is turned off by 50,000 spindles at the present day, being about the one hundred and fiftieth part of the number now in constant use.<sup>10</sup>

From the year 1767, it appears that Arkwright gave himself up completely to the subject of inventions for spinning cotton. In the following year, he began constructing his first machine at Preston, in the dwelling house attached to the free grammar-school there. At this time, Arkwright's poverty was such, that being "a burgess of Preston," he could not appear to vote during a contested election, till the party with whom he voted gave him a decent suit of clothes. Shortly after, apprehensive of meeting with hostility from one Hargrave, a carpenter at Blackburn, who had just invented the spinning-jenny,† Arkwright left Lancashire, and went to Nottingham. Here, after some disappointment of resources, he arranged with Messrs. Need and Jedidiah Strutt, of Derby, the latter the ingenious improver and patentee of the stocking-frame;‡ and, with such aid, Arkwright resumed his experimental labours. He consulted Mr. Strutt upon the matter; and it is a remarkable fact, strongly corroborative of Arkwright's claim to be the original inventor, (which was subsequently disputed,) that, although Mr. Strutt saw and acknowledged the great merit of the invention, he pointed out various deficiencies, which the inventor, from the want of mecha-

\* Penny Cyclopædia—art. Arkwright.

† The jenny gave the means of spinning twenty or thirty threads at once, with no more labour than had previously been required to spin a single thread.

‡ Mr. Strutt was the first individual, who succeeded in adapting the stocking-frame to the manufacture of ribbed stockings.

nical skill, had been unable to supply. These defects were easily remedied by Mr. Strutt; and, in the year 1769, Arkwright obtained his first patent for spinning with rollers, Messrs. Need and Strutt becoming his partners in the manufacturing concerns which it was proposed to carry on under it.

The improvement for which this patent was obtained, or the *Spinning-frame*, spins a vast number of threads of any degree of fineness and hardness, leaving man merely to feed the machine with cotton, and to join the threads when they happen to break. The principle on which this machine is constructed, and its mode of operation will be easily understood. It consists of two pairs of rollers turned by machinery. The lower roller of each pair is furrowed or fluted longitudinally, and the upper one is covered with leather, by which means the two have a sufficient hold upon the cotton passed between them. The cotton, when passed through the first pair of rollers, has the form of a thick but very soft cord, which is slightly pressed: but, no sooner has the cotton carding, or *roving* as it is technically called, begun to pass through the first pair of rollers, than it is received by the second pair, which are made to revolve with, (as the case may be) twice, thrice, or ten times the velocity of the first pair, so that the cotton is necessarily drawn out twice, thrice, or ten times smaller than when delivered from the first rollers.

It is obvious that the principle of the spinning-frame is radically different from the previous methods of spinning, either by the common hand-wheel or distaff, or by the jenny, which is only a modification of the common wheel. Spinning by rollers was entirely an original idea, according to Arkwright, suggested to him by seeing a red-hot iron bar elongated by being made to pass between two rollers; and though there is no mechanical analogy between that operation and the process of spinning, it is not difficult to imagine, that, by reflecting upon it, and placing the subject in different points of view, it might lead him to his invention.

The first mill erected for spinning cotton by this method was at Nottingham, and was worked by horse-power; but, in 1771, another mill was built at Cromford, in the parish of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, to which motion was given by water; from this circumstance the machine was called the water-frame, and the thread received the name of water-twist. The mill at Cromford is represented in the first of the Engravings on the preceding page. Its machinery was turned by a water-wheel, after the manner of the first silk-mill, at Derby, erected by Sir Thomas Lombe, and described in the 26th volume of this Miscellany.

"Previous to this time, no establishment

of a similar nature had existed, none, at least, to which the same system of management was applicable; and it strongly marks the judgment and mental powers of Arkwright, that although the details of manufacturing or commercial business were altogether new to him, he at once introduced a system of arrangement into his works, which has since been universally adopted by others, and which, in all its main features, has remained unaltered to the present time."<sup>\*</sup>

Arkwright having made several additional improvements in the processes of carding, roving, and spinning, he next took out a fresh patent for the whole in the year 1775; "and thus completed a series of machinery so various and complicated, yet so admirably combined and well adapted to produce the intended effect, in its most perfect form, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of every one capable of appreciating the ingenuity displayed and the difficulties overcome."<sup>†</sup>

Arkwright did not, however, enjoy the rights of his ingenuity without opposition, alike from the manufacturers and the spinners and weavers. Repeated attacks were made by them on the factories built for Arkwright's machines; his patents were invaded by the manufacturers; while it became the fashion to depreciate his talents, and even to deny him altogether the merit of being an original inventor. Circumstantial accounts of this system of injustice towards Arkwright will be found in the Histories of the Cotton Manufacture, and in the Encyclopædias to which we have already referred. The details are too numerous for quotation here; but they will be readily found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in which is this conclusion:—"We have access to know, that none of Mr. Arkwright's most intimate friends, and who were best acquainted with his character, ever had the slightest doubt with respect to the originality of his invention. Some of them, indeed, could speak to the circumstances from their own personal knowledge; and their testimony was uniform and consistent. Such also seems to be the opinion now generally entertained among the principal manufacturers of Manchester." In the *Penny Cyclopædia*, it is remarked, that "if the evidence be fully weighed upon which it has been attempted to convict Arkwright of the serious charge, (of pirating other men's ideas,) we think it will be found to rest upon very slight grounds; while the proofs which he exhibited of possessing talents of the very highest order in the management of the vast concerns in which he was afterwards engaged, are unquestionable."

It was not until after the lapse of five

\* *Penny Cyclopædia*—art. Arkwright.

† *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 7th edit.—art. Arkwright.

years from their erection, that by the works at Cromford any profit was realized; but from that time, wealth flowed in abundantly to the proprietors. The establishments were greatly extended, several new ones were formed, and, in many cases, Arkwright took a share with other persons in the erection and working of cotton-mills. The tide of fortune had set in, and continued to flow, notwithstanding Arkwright's patent had been cancelled by law. "For several years, the market prices of cotton twist were fixed by Arkwright, all other spinners conforming to his scale. The same quality of this article which now sells for 3s. per lb., sold in 1790 for ten times that price, and was as high as 1l. 18s. per lb.; and although a great part of this difference is, no doubt, owing to a progressive economy attained in the processes of manufacture, it is not difficult to imagine that the larger price must have been exceedingly profitable to the spinner."<sup>a</sup>

Meanwhile, Arkwright had almost built the town of Cromford, in a deep valley on the south bank of the Derwent. The structures are chiefly of excellent gristone procured in the neighbourhood; and here Arkwright lived in patriarchal prosperity amidst the scenes of industry where he raised up his own fortune. The mills are to this day supplied from a never-failing spring of warm water, which also proves to be of great advantage to the canal in severe seasons, as it rarely freezes, in consequence of a portion of the water from this spring flowing into it. The Mill engraved on our front page is a spacious building near the upper end of the Dale: its operations have been elegantly described by Dr. Darwin, "in a work which discovers the art, hitherto unknown, of clothing in poetical language, and decorating with beautiful imagery, the unpoetical operations of mechanical processes, and the dry detail of manufactures:"<sup>b</sup>

Where Derwent guides his dusky floods,  
Through vaulted mountains, and a night of woods,  
The nymph Gossypin treads the velvet sod,  
And warms with rosy smiles the watery god;  
His ponderous oars to slender spindles turn,  
And pours o'er massy wheels his foaming urns;  
With playful charms her hoary lover wins,  
And wheels his trident, while the Monarch spins.  
First, with nice eye emerging Naiads call  
From leathery pods the vegetable wool;  
With wiry teeth revolving cards release  
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravel'd fleece;  
Next moves the iron hand with fingers fine,  
Combs the wide card, and forms th' eternal line;  
Slow with soft lips the whirling card acquiesce  
The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires;  
With quicken'd pace successive rollers move,  
And these retain, and those extend, the rove,  
Then fly the spokes, the rapid axles glow;  
While slowly circumsolves the lab'ring wheel below.  
*Botanic Garden.*

Nor was Cromford benefited only by the

<sup>a</sup> From the excellent article in the Penny Cyclopædia, which it is worth while to compare with the article Arkwright in the larger Cyclopædia, to show the superiority, in this respect, of the cheaper work.

ingenuity of its founder in a commercial sense; for, having obtained the grant of a market for the town, he commenced building a chapel of freestone, which has since been completed by his son; he liberally contributed to educational and other charities. In 1786, he was appointed high sheriff of Derbyshire, and, on the occasion of presenting an address of congratulation to the king on his escaping the attempt at assassination by Margaret Nicholson, Mr. Arkwright received the honour of knighthood. Though a man of great personal strength, during the whole of his active career, he was labouring under a very severe asthma. Yet, to the latest period of his life, Sir Richard continued to give unremitted attention to business, and superintended the daily operations of his large establishments, adding from time to time, such improvements to the machinery as were suggested by experience and observation. He sank, at length, under a complication of disorders, accelerated if not produced by his sedentary habits, and died in his house at Cromford, on Aug. 3, 1792, in the sixtieth year of his age, leaving behind him a fortune estimated at little short of half a million.

The death of Sir Richard Arkwright was a sorrowful event to all classes of this district. His funeral was conducted with fitting splendour. Mr. Malcolm, the antiquarian, was entering Matlock from Chesterfield, at the time when the procession was passing to Matlock Church, where the body was first interred; he says: "as the ground I was on was much higher than the Tor, or any of the hills at Matlock, I was at once surprised and delighted with the grand and awful scene that expanded below me; all the rich profusion of wild nature thrown together in an assemblage of objects the most sublime. To heighten the view, the Tor, and rocks near it, were covered with crowds of people."

The road was nearly impassable from the crowds of people who had assembled to witness the procession. The ceremony was conducted with much pomp, and, as nearly as I can remember, was thus: a coach and four with the clergy; another with the pall-bearers; the hearse, covered with escutcheons, and surrounded by mutes, followed; then the horse of the deceased, led by a servant; the relations, and about 15 or 20 carriages, closed the procession, which was nearly half a mile in length. The evening was gloomy, and the solemn stillness that reigned was only interrupted by the rumbling of the carriages, and the gentle murmurs of the river; and, as they passed, the echo of the Tor gently returned the sound. The scene was so rich and uncommon that I continued to gaze till a turn in the road closed the whole. How greatly would the effect have been heightened by a choir chanting a dirge!"

The body was subsequently removed to

Cromford Chapel, wherein is the family vault of the Arkwrights, with a beautiful monument by Chantrey.

The character of Sir Richard Arkwright is one upon which we could linger with untiring interest; so fine a specimen was he of British genius, industry, and perseverance: he was, indeed, one of the honourables of the land. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it is truly remarked: "No man ever better deserved his good fortune, or has a stronger claim on the respect and gratitude of posterity. His inventions have opened a new and boundless field of employment; and while they have conferred infinitely more real benefit on his native country than she could have derived from the absolute dominion of Mexico and Peru, they have been *universally* productive of wealth and enjoyments."

Arkwright was twice married. By his first marriage he had a son, the present Richard Arkwright, Esq.; by his second marriage he had a daughter, now Mrs. Charles Hurt, of Wirksworth.

Willersley Castle, the second Engraving, is the elegant seat of Richard Arkwright, Esq., who, to this day, continues the manufacture established by his father. The Castle stands on the south side of a commanding eminence, that forms the eastern boundary of the Derwent in its course through Matlock Dale; the river flowing at the foot of the hill, in a grand sweep eastward. The castle consists of an oblong, square building, with a circular tower rising from the centre of the roof, and a semicircular tower projecting from the front on each side the entrance; and two wings, with a round tower at each angle: the whole structure is embattled, and the exterior walls are of white freestone. The spot on which it stands was originally occupied by a large rock, in the removal of which 3,000*l.* were expended by the late Sir Richard Arkwright, who purchased the estate and manor of T. H. Hodges, Esq., in the year 1793. The architect was Mr. W. Thomas, of London. This edifice was roofed sometime in 1788; but, before it was inhabited, it was set on fire by a stove that was overheated, and all that was combustible in it was consumed: this accident occurring in 1791. The interior of the mansion is well appointed, and contains several pictures, among which are some excellent works by Wright of Derby.

The grounds of Willersley possess great beauty and variety: they are well wooded, the number of trees planted by Mr. Arkwright averaging for seven years together, 50,000 annually.

In Mr. Arkwright are blended the high characters of the British manufacturer and country gentleman: he is much esteemed for his munificence, and is happy in a numerous progeny of sons and daughters.

#### THE BANNER OF THE TOMB.

Wave! lordly banner, wave!  
To the midnight winds that sigh  
Around the warrior's grave,  
And beneath the starless sky.  
Wave! glorious standard, wave!  
In the lone and silent aisle,  
As a trophy o'er the brave,  
On whom the sunbeams smile.  
Wave, battle meteor, wave!  
When the pictured saints look bright  
Upon the warrior's grave  
In the stream of golden light.  
Wave! haughty flag! to thee  
Immortally belong  
The holy strains that mingle free  
From lips instinct with song.  
Flash! for thou oft hast flashed  
In the sunset's crimson beam,  
When the fiery steed beside thee dash'd  
To swell the battle-stream.  
Wave! thou shalt wave no more  
In the onset wild and deep,  
But like a spirit soar  
Above the warrior's sleep.  
Thou art destined to decay  
With the shield, the helm, and plume,  
But Fame shall pour her ray  
On thy hero's lovely tomb!

G. R. C.

#### STATUES IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

(To the Editor.)

CAN you inform me why the effigies of two of our crowned monarchs, Edward II. and Richard III., are omitted in the series of royal personages which embellish the upper quadrangle of the Royal Exchange, London? It certainly is a breach, as far as correct historic representation is concerned, in not having their figures "cut out into noble statuary," so as to form a portion of the series, beginning with Edward I. and ending with George IV. Gray has pathetically alluded to the violent death of the second Edward in the finest of his lyrical productions:—

"The shrieks of death through Berkeley's rocks that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonising king!"

Richard III. was a deep-dyed villain and an usurper, but he was a crowned king; the statutes of his reign are many of them still valid; and on the score of any defection of moral principle, I place Henry VIII., (the decapitator of Anne Boleyn, of the illustrious Sir Thomas More, and a host of others,) upon an equal pedestal of infamy with the hero of Bosworth. Yet here stands bluff Hal, in courtly companionship among the rest; while the absence of the statue of the weak-minded Edward II., and that of the murderer of his innocent nephews, Richard III., present a gap in the above gallery of historic personages, which must be considered in bad taste.

Would it not likewise prove more consonant with legitimate taste and grateful feeling, were the figure of Sir Thomas Gresham



the founder of this same noble edifice, to be removed from the dusty nook, where it stands enveloped at the present period, (in a corner of the lower quadrangle,) and placed in the centre of the building, to the exclusion of the figure of the luxurious Charles II., which now adorns, with bad taste, that portion of the interior?

ENQRT.

### PUBLIC WALKS UPON THE THAMES' BANKS.

(To the Editor.)

IN No. 795 of the *Mirror*, page 175, appears a notice of Mr. Martin's Plan for Public Walks upon the banks of the Thames. As a portion of your readers may not be aware that a somewhat similar scheme was at one period not only conceived, but actually in progress of execution, I am induced to trouble you with the following particulars respecting it. The time I am alluding to was after the Great Fire of London, in the year 1666, which, by extending along the north bank of the Thames almost the whole length of town as it then existed, had laid open ground enough for the purpose in question. There were then as well as now, men of expanded views and cultivated taste sufficient to perceive the advantages of it; and such men as the projectors of St. Paul's Cathedral and Greenwich Hospital did not overlook it, but exerted themselves so effectually as to obtain clauses to be inserted in a proclamation from the king and privy council, issued immediately after the fire, to prohibit rebuilding in the city until further order; and in two acts of parliament passed in 1666-7 and 1670, to the effect "that there should be a fair quay or wharf on all the river side from London Bridge to the Temple, of the breadth of forty feet, as also from the Tower wharf to London Bridge;" nor should there be in those buildings which should be erected next the river, (which were desired to be *fair structures*, for the ornament of the city,) any houses to be inhabited by *brewers, dyers, or sugar-bakers*, which trades, by their continual smoke, contributed very much to the unhealthiness of the adjacent places; but that the lord-mayor and aldermen were to propose such a place or places as might be fit for those trades," the proprietors of the ground taken having compensation granted to them.

In conformity to the acts of parliament alluded to, and in obedience to an order from the privy council of January 25, 1670, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, made a survey and report upon the state of the intended quay, with a list of the sheds and other obstructions that blocked up the way, which "were subsequently ordered to be removed."

Some of my readers may here inquire, if such an open terrace or wharf has really

been made, as has been described, and how to find their way to it; for it would be very pleasant and convenient to have access to such an agreeable promenade as it must be. In answer to which I beg to mention, that any one who will explore the difficult sinuities of that region of the city of London lying in the neighbourhood of Upper Thames Street, may accomplish the achievement of arriving at a place where a somewhat tortuous pathway is bounded on the south side by some irregular buildings, agreeing, however, in a lowness of elevation apparently showing them diffident with regard to their right to the ground they occupy; and over them the wind often blows with a freshness, and the daylight shines with a brightness, considerably at variance with what might be expected in so apparently confined a situation; but of which the reason will be evident when, by turning to your right hand, and following the line of the said modest-looking erections to its termination, you attain the object of your expedition by discovering the river Thames itself, of which you will now actually have a tolerably open view, (for a space of some thirty yards, if you pass between some vast piles of bar-iron, and the large pairs of scales used for weighing them, with which the wharf where you have arrived, (and which is known as the "Steelyard,") is usually occupied.

Now, reader, this place with the pathway before-mentioned, and another farther to the westward, inclosed not only on each side, but in some places overhead also, forms part of what was long called the "New Quay," being the remains of the grand plan which I have before spoken of as being provided for the convenience and pleasure of the good citizens of London, by legislative enactments, through the care and foresight of Sir C. Wren, John Evelyn, and others.

Perhaps, this statement may here suggest such remarks as, "Why are the acts of parliament about keeping the New Quay clear of sheds, &c., not enforced?"—"Has no one spirit to remonstrate in the matter?" &c.—Such a remonstrance was at one time made, (in the year 1821,) in the shape of a petition from the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to the commissioners of sewers, who determined in their favour; but the very next day, Mr. Charles Calvert, one of the parties complained of in making the encroachments, gave notice in Parliament for a bill, which he subsequently, (on July 10, 1821,) obtained, to repeal so much of the former acts as hindered walls or palings being erected on the banks of the river from London Bridge to the Temple; by this means legalizing the shutting out the view of the river from passengers in the adjoining thoroughfare.

I have extracted the substance of most of the above particulars from Elmes's *Memoirs*

of the *Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren*: at the time of the publication of which book, however, there did exist one spot, where the designs of the projectors of the New Quay seemed to be almost completely realized. A pleasant, public thoroughfare, with a few sycamore-trees along it, and an open view of the river on one side, led, on the other, past one of those "faire structures" from the design of Wren himself, of which a range was intended to have been continued through the length of the city, along the bank of the river. I allude to old Fishmongers' Hall, figured in the *Mirror*, vol. xix., p. 17. Since then, however, great changes have occurred thereabout; New London Bridge sets its giant foot almost on the spot I have been speaking of, and a structure of corresponding loftiness of pretension, New Fishmongers' Hall, puts out of countenance the claims of a more modest kind which its predecessor had to our notice; while, between the two, a lofty and wide flight of steps leads from the bridge down to the water, across the pleasant, public walk before-mentioned, which has been magnificently embanked with granite. Here would have been a fine opportunity for putting in practice that feature of Mr. Martin's plan, "a flight of steps," which "should lead from each end of the bridges to the public walks," and, to use Sir C. Wren's words, the making "a passage, which will be extremely necessary." Somehow or other, though, the steps of New London Bridge are just made so that people cannot step from them to the wharf, nor from the wharf to them. Moreover, if you approach from the other side, that is, from the part of the Quay which is open to the public, and shut up from the river, the site of the former thoroughfare, a huge pair of iron gates arrests your progress, and you find that the part of the Quay open to the river is now shut from the public.

To the eastward of the bridge, the high warehouses near the river stand somewhat back from it, as far as Billingsgate, the brink of the water being only occupied with wooden sheds. I know not whether this arrangement has arisen in consequence of the old acts of parliament before alluded to: if it has, the demolition of Old London Bridge might have been the means of extending the design with great advantage, by affording access to the water-side through a street which has for many years served for one of the main "arteries" of London, and which might have been now allowed to open directly upon the river Thames—I mean Fish-street Hill. Accordingly, some approach has been made to turning the opportunity to that use which taste would dictate, by the erection of a Steam Packet Wharf, on the site of part of the old bridge. But, why

should not that part, which consisted of two complete arches, have been itself left, to serve as a picturesque and interesting memorial of the venerable structure, when seen from the eastward, instead of removing it, and stuffing up its place with earth? And why is the entrance to the Steam Wharf only by means of a pair of folding gates, other parts of the old thoroughfare being stopped by a dead wall erected directly across it, and blocking up both the view and the way through the picturesque arch in the tower of St. Magnus' church, by going through which crowds of foot-passengers used to obtain safety from the throng of vehicles endeavouring to gain access to the old bridge? This spot, if the dead wall had been omitted, and the before-mentioned, ancient arches of the bridge had been left, and if the architectural character of the south side of the Adelaide Hotel had been extended to the eastern also, would, as viewed from the south-east, have formed a scene worthy of Venice itself.—AN ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMAN.

### The Sketch-Book.

RECENT VISIT TO ST. HELENA.  
(From the *M.S. Journal of a Mariner*.)

THIS island is about 1,700 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, and its aspect is that of a rock nearly destitute of vegetation; nor did it present, as seen from the vessel in sailing along the coast, a single prospect which could be classed amongst the grand and beautiful. He certainly was a bold person who first proposed a settlement there, for so abrupt and precipitous is the lofty wall of craggy rocks which faces the ocean, that it seems to bid defiance to the approach of any living creature except the sea bird, there being only four openings, or breaks, in the cliffs, at three of which landing is rarely practicable; even at the fourth, where steps have been cut in the rock, it sometimes happens that for days together it is attended with great difficulty, and frequently is very dangerous. We found the ocean placid enough, and the surf, comparatively speaking, was of trifling amount; yet we were obliged to use caution, and avail ourselves of assistance.

On landing, we walked into the town, where we established ourselves in a lodging house at the daily charge of *thirty shillings each*, a sum that would have been considered bordering upon the extravagant in most other places; but a person located on such a spot as this may well be justified in allowing his conscience some latitude.

James Town, the only one in the island, and the most oddly situated of all capitals, contains one good street, including, perhaps, forty houses; besides which there are sundry streets, or lanes of huts, that ramify from it,

and denote the place to be, in reference to the population, of greater consequence than might at first be expected by a cursory observer. It stands in a narrow ravine, for valley it can scarcely be called, whose sides are as abrupt as the cliffs upon the coast, their height being in some places, from 600 to 700 feet. The spectator, while regarding this singular scene, naturally imagines that serious accidents would be liable to occur, for the blocks of rock which project from above in the most threatening manner possible, appear ever ready to descend from their elevated position; and if such an avalanche were to happen, it would, in all probability, involve a fearful loss of property and life in its ruinous career. Everything therefore considered, the site of James Town is assuredly not over safe; however, the superincumbent rocks, by their eloquent silence, supply an admonition quite as efficient as that afforded through the medium of a preacher, and serve equally to remind those who reside beneath, that life is, at best, but a precarious existence, which may cease in an instant when least expected. In one part, the ravine does not much exceed a hundred yards in width at the bottom; but where the town stands, it is from 250 to 400 yards broad; and the entire length I judged to be about three-quarters of a mile. Through this ravine flows the small stream by which the inhabitants are supplied with water.

As Dr. G. and myself preferred the pedestrian to the vehicular mode of making an excursion, when exploring a country, we left the rest of our party to proceed in a carriage, and pursued our way by a somewhat different route on foot. During the first two miles we had to encounter a constant ascent, and soon afterwards descended the glen in which repose the remains of Napoleon. Here, beneath three willows, shorn of almost all their branches, and within an iron railing, is a slab of stone, placed upon the ground, without any inscription, and eight feet long by four wide,—such is the tomb of the once mighty emperor! On the willows, whose trunks bend nearly to the slab, that extraordinary man was wont to sit and converse with the few friends who accompanied him in his distant exile; nor could he have selected for the purpose a more sweetly sequestered spot. Previous to his death, the trees were in a flourishing state; but since that event, so many persons have procured cuttings from them, that they are now almost destroyed. Close to the grave is a spring of excellent water, for a supply of which, the Emperor used to send; and numerous young willows raised from cuttings bade fair to form a better shade than the parent trees. The glen was under the charge of two ancient soldiers, who must derive no inconsiderable profit from the numerous visitors, frequenting this lonely

scene of death, so calculated to excite reflection upon the emptiness of human power and ambition. An album is kept upon the spot, which, like the whole race of albums, is filled with absurd attempts at wit, or puerile effusions in rhyme; amongst this miscellaneous mass of folly, a master of a ship complains that there was no house at hand where he could obtain a glass of that panacea of sea-faring men called grog, although the distance from town is not four miles.

On quitting the glen, we came again upon the road, and walked to Longwood, a mile further. The old house had been suffered to fall into a sad state of decay, the only tolerable apartment being that formerly used as a billiard-room: Napoleon's bed-room had become a stable; that in which he died, a receptacle for chaff, &c.; and the portion of the building occupied by his suite, had long been converted into out-houses! Such is the mutability of human affairs. The new building, in which he was to have resided, is an excellent house, and had evidently been fitted up with every attention to comfort, and little regard to expense; but before it was completed, Napoleon was numbered with the dead.

There is a prospect of vast extent, from spots around, embracing the greater portion of the island, with an almost boundless expanse of ocean, but combining too much of the melancholy and cheerless in its leading features to be particularly inviting; nor was there a single tree at hand, with the exception of a few of miserably stunted growth, to relieve the general absence of vegetation. Such a view, liable as it must be to awaken sombre impressions, would always produce in myself a saddening effect, since I hold that the ocean—that emblem of Eternity,—however grand in the scale of Nature, possesses no great beauty as a constant object, even when the mighty billows are lashed into foam by the storm; while in a state of repose nothing can be more monotonous than the lifeless aspect of its placid surface.

The finest part of St. Helena is that behind, and further up the hills than the tomb, as there one observes an amphitheatre of elevations and rocks, inclosing a very beautiful spot, although of no great extent.

Numerous firs had been planted at the Governor's residence, and thrive well; indeed here, as in all places where the soil consists of decomposed lava, and where the climate is genial, vegetation is rapid and luxuriant. Give the plants but water, and let the stratum of soil be ever so scanty, or the crevices in the rocks ever so narrow, still so long as the roots can find shelter, and moisture abundant, the plants are sure to grow well. Where a rill was found, there we met also with the finest water-cresses I ever saw.

The general appearance of St. Helena is



that of an immense rock, intersected in most directions by deep ravines, or tremendous chasms, frequently accessible only to the goats; and the vegetation as already observed, is extremely scanty, except at particular spots. As might naturally be expected, the climate of James Town is often intensely hot; but at those parts of the island exposed to the influence of the S. E. trade-wind, the temperature is greatly lessened. The population (1831) consisted of about 3,000 persons, of whom 800 were soldiers; and so strongly fortified is the island, that it would, I imagine, be impossible to reduce it unless by surprise or blockade. To convey some idea of the ravine in which stands the town, I may state, that on one side, and close to the sea, there is a staircase from the summit of Ladder Hill of 620 steps, with an inclined plane on each side, the vertical height of which is 500 feet. The rope to which a cart was attached, when being drawn up the inclined plane, broke, a few days before our arrival—the cart was of course dashed to pieces.

St. Helena was discovered by the Portuguese in 1501; the East India Company took possession of it in 1657; and, in 1815, it became the prison of Buonaparte. The length is ten miles and a half; the breadth seven; and its distance from the nearest land is 1,200 miles. James Town is in  $15^{\circ} 55'$

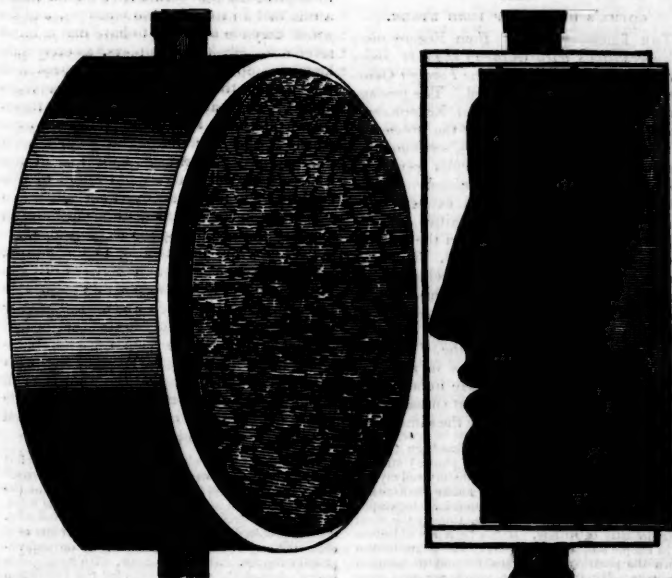
south latitude, and  $3^{\circ} 34'$  west longitude. Diana's Peak, the most elevated point, rises to the height of 2,700 feet; and Longwood is 1,800 feet above the sea; although there is certainly some level land, I cannot agree with those who say there is at one place a plain of 1,500 acres. When discovered, this island was clothed with wood. Our excursions ended, we again embarked, and found ourselves once more bounding on the ocean, and riding upon the wings of the wind; a pastime more suited, perhaps, to the taste of poets than of travellers.

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### THE PHYSIOGNOTYPE.

THE accompanying Engraving represents a machine for taking casts, lately invented by a gentleman in Paris. It is called the Physiognotype, is of a very simple construction, and takes the exact imprint of the countenance without any disagreeable sensation, by an application of less than two seconds.

This instrument is a metallic, oval plate, pierced with a large quantity of minute holes very closely together, and through each of which a wire, (very like a knitting needle,) passes with extreme facility. These needles have the appearance of a brush. The whole is surrounded with a double case of tin, which contains warm water, in order to keep



(The Physiognotype.)

(Section, showing the Impression of the features.)

the instrument of a proper temperature with the blood. If any figure be applied against this brush of needles, it will yield to the slightest pressure, and leave an exact mould. The needles are then fixed by a very simple process, and from this metallic mould, the cast is taken. There is nothing disagreeable in the application of the instrument, but the sensation cannot well be described; although, if the Physiognotype were not heated, it would feel like immersing the face in snow. The impression left will be an accurate likeness, and the mask will be a fac-simile of the mould. Nothing is wanting; even a vein on the temple is faithfully represented.

The inventor has already obtained the cast of the French King, Louis Philippe, and also those of a variety of persons celebrated in the political, literary, and scientific world; and, among the number, those of Lord Brougham, Lord Munster, Sir Sydney Smith, Messrs. Dupin, Guizot, Alexander Dumas, &c., Mlle. Dorval, Jenny Vertpré.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

\*.\* Our Correspondent adds:—"Having had my own cast taken by this instrument, when in Paris, at the commencement of the present month, I can speak decidedly as to the efficiency of the invention."

### The Public Journals.

GOETHE'S OPINION OF LORD BYRON.

[THE following extract from Eckermann's *Conversations with Goëthe in the last Years of his Life* is translated in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published. The passage is one of several specimens of Eckermann's work, judiciously selected by the Reviewer, "who seldom has his labours sweetened by such a treat."—"The particular period of Byron's poetical career that called forth the observations in the annexed extract, especially those on the three unities and on Shakspeare, seems to have been the publication of *Sardanapalus*, in 1821. To make the remarks of Goëthe more intelligible, we subjoin an extract from his lordship's letters to Mr. Murray, from Ravenna, dated July 14 and July 22, of that year.\*"]

"I know no man," said Goëthe, "who possesses what is called *invention* in a higher degree than Lord Byron. He unravels the dramatic knot in a manner that surpasses all expectation."—"I feel exactly the same thing

\* "To Mr. Murray.—My object has been to dramatize like the Greeks (a modest phrase) striking passages of history, as they did of history and mythology. You will find all this very unlike Shakspeare; and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the worst of models, though the most extraordinary of writers. It has been my object to be as simple and severe as Aëfieri; and I have broken down the poetry as nearly as I could to common language. Mind the *unities*, which are my great object of research."

with Shakspeare," replied I, "and particularly with his Falstaff; when this hero has told one of his gigantic lies, I rack my brain to conceive how he will work himself out of his own mesh,—but Shakspeare brings him out of the scrape in a style of his own, which no cogitation can anticipate. If you are right in saying the same of Lord Byron, I cannot conceive that you could in any way pay a greater compliment to his genius."

Goëthe nodded assent, and then laughed at the new whim of his lordship, who in life had never learned to control himself in the least trifle, and yet most strangely had allowed himself in his recent plays to be tied down by the stupid law (*das dumme Gesetz*) of the three unities. "It is plain," said he, "that his lordship knew as little of the true principle of this rule as the rest of the world. The three unities are only useful in so far as they enable the spectator more easily to comprehend the piece, and to connect the several parts of it together into one complete whole.† When they do not contribute to this end they are useless, and it shows an utter want of understanding to employ them in such a case. The Greeks themselves, who were the fathers of the rule, did not always follow it; in the *Phæthon* of Euripides, and in other pieces, the place changes; and from this we see plainly that the great Greek masters were more concerned about how they might give their piece the best scenic effect, than about a rule that in itself has no meaning, and for which they are supposed to have had a blind reverence. Shakspeare's plays, as everybody knows, jump over the unities of space and time without the least restraint; and yet there are no pieces that are more complete in themselves, and more readily comprehended as a whole by the spectator. The French, with all their strict adherence to the rule of the unities, have not been able to attain to this effect; they introduce narration where we expect action, and thus disturb our mind in forming an easy conception of the whole.

"This whim of adhering to the unities, however, was not without its service to Byron. It was a sort of rein to keep within reasonable boundaries a spirit which was always striving after the infinite. Would to God that he had been able to find some such rules for regulating his moral nature! We may say, with the greatest certainty, that the want of such a regulating power was his ruin, and that he went to wreck on nothing but the unbridled rebelliousness of his passions.

† We have here made a sweeping periphrasis, but the expressive German phrase "*das Fassende*," which Goëthe says is the "*Grand*" of the rule of the three unities, can hardly be translated by one word. Generally speaking, the English, who are not a reflective people, have a much more loose and less concentrated way of expressing themselves, on philosophical subjects, than the Germans. No language is better adapted than the German for the expression of maxims and principles in a few pregnant words.

"He was far too much in the dark about his own condition. He lived from hand to mouth, and knew and considered not what he was doing. He allowed himself every license, and other people none; and thus he not only ruined himself, but raised up the whole world against him. With his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' he made a bad commencement, and put himself from the very first into a false position with regard to the principal poets and literary characters of the day. In his subsequent works, the spirit of opposition and discontent seemed to grow with him. Church and state were not safe from his sarcasms. This reckless warfare drove him out of England; and, had he lived, would in a short time have driven him out of Europe. Go where he might, he had never room enough, and, with the most unbounded personal liberty, he was under an habitual feeling of constraint—the world was a prison to him. His expedition to Greece was anything but a voluntary determination. His uncomfortable relation to his fellow men drove him to take some such step as this.

"The violence with which he tore his mind away from everything traditional and patriotic not only ruined him altogether as a man, but his revolutionary feelings, and the continual agitation of his mind, prevented his poetical talents from receiving their due development. No one, moreover, can doubt that the eternal spirit of opposition, with which he was possessed, has done an irremediable injury to the effect of those wonderful works which he left completed. For it is not only that the dissatisfaction of the writer communicates itself to the reader, but generally all activity, that proceeds merely from a principle of opposition, can have nothing but a negative result, and that which is negative is nothing. *When I say that bad is bad, what do I gain by it? but if I should chance, in my negating mania, to say that good is bad, (as too often happens,) then I do a great deal of harm. He who wishes to be actively useful must never fall a-rating of his neighbours, but, leaving the absurdities of the absurd to shift for themselves, be concerned only to do that which is good. For the end of all our endeavours is not to pull down, but to build up something that mankind may look upon and rejoice in.*

"Lord Byron," continued Göthe, "is to be considered as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great genius. His good qualities belong chiefly to him as a man; his bad qualities belong to him as an Englishman and a peer, and his genius is incommensurable.

"All Englishmen, as such, are, properly speaking, destitute of what we call reflection. Their continual distraction, and the spirit of political partisanship, prevent their reflective powers from ever arriving at a calm develop-

ment. But, as practical men, they are truly great.

"Lord Byron is, in respect of reflection, no better than his countrymen. He is great only when he writes poetry—as soon as he begins to reflect, he is a child.

"But, notwithstanding this national defect, he is a man who succeeds in everything he undertakes; and one may truly say, that with him inspiration takes the place of reflection. He had no outlet but to poetize continually; and anything that came from him as a man, especially if it was a feeling of the heart, was sure to be good. His beautiful poems came to him as beautiful children come to women—they know not how, and think not why.

"He is a born genius of a high order; and I have nowhere found the *vis poetica*, properly so called, in a more perfect state than in him. He seizes the leading external character, and sees through the past with a truth not inferior to Shakspeare. But Shakspeare was a more complete and perfect man. Byron knew this well; and, for this reason, has been careful to say very little about Shakspeare, though he knows whole passages of him by heart. He would have been glad to disown him altogether, had that been possible; for he did not understand Shakspeare's cheerfulness, and it stood not a little in his way. Pope, again, he had no occasion to disown, for from him he had nothing to fear. Accordingly, we find him mentioning Pope on all occasions with the highest respect, for he knew very well that Pope is a mere *wall* compared to him.

"I have often thought that Byron's high rank as an English peer was very much against him; for the external world is a thorn in the side of every man of high talent, and much more so when that man is placed in a situation of high rank and influence. A certain middle condition is most favourable for the development of talent; and it is for this reason that we find by far the greatest number of artists and poets among the middle classes of society. Byron's native propensity to lose himself in the infinite world, in a lower rank of life and with more moderate means, have been much less prejudicial to him. As it was, however, he was placed in a situation where he might hope to realize every fancy, however wild, and this entangled him in a thousand mazes. Being himself a member of the highest rank of society, there was none who could, in opposition to him, assume an attitude that might command his reverence or check his excesses. He spoke out freely whatever indignant feelings were fermenting in his proud mind, and thus brought himself into irreconcilable conflict with the world."

[The Reviewer notes: "We have read nothing finer, nothing more instinct with the calm dignity of truth, than this criticism."]

## THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

Where for the Minstrel scatter round  
With flowers his grave, as holy ground;  
Pluck ye the weeds, and plant the rose  
To shadow o'er his last repose;  
Rear ye the turf above his head,  
To guard the spot from stranger's tread;  
And let the setting sunbeam throw  
A smile on him who sleeps below.

His course was like yon ray of light  
Trembling across the wave so bright,  
Round which the waters dull and slow  
With plaintive murmur darkly flow!  
For he threw off, with fluttering joy,  
Those cares which madder hearts destroy;  
And with quick eye and maddening song  
Charmed the sad world he passed along.

Weep for the minstrel! fatal were  
The gifts to which his soul was heir;  
In fatal song his accents thrilled;  
At least his cup was highest filled,  
And as the wine sparkled o'er the brim  
Delight shot from the eyes of him—  
Those flashes which, alas! but spoke,  
"The happiest heart is easiest broke!"

Weep for the minstrel! sorrow stayed  
Her tears when he his wild harp played;  
To arms the eager soldier sprang  
When he the fiery summons rang;  
To bliss the merry heart gave o'er  
All thought, those quickening chords before;  
And sighing maid approved the tone  
Which eased all love except his own.

Weep for the minstrel! he who moved  
All hearts to love—he vainly loved.  
On him dark eyes looked cold disdain  
From one who never pitied pain;  
Dim grew his sight, his voice sank low,  
The melting strain refused to flow;  
His spirit's boasted freedom fell  
At tyrant Love's overpowering spell.

Weep for the minstrel! lightly lay  
The turf that guards his hallowed clay;  
Nor let the babbling tomb disclose  
With idle epitaph his woes.  
Short was his life; his memory, too,  
Should rest alone with those who knew  
The brilliant start and brief career  
Which, meteor-like, now leaves him here.

*Fraser's Magazine.*

## New Books.

## HOMOEOPATHY AND ALLOPATHY.

By David Uwins, M. D.

["WHAT is Homoeopathy?" is a question which may be frequently asked by hundreds of non-medical readers. Our reply shall be of Abernethian pith: "read our book,"—(*Mirror*, vol. xv., p. 382,) wherein this new system of medicine is illustrated from a paper in the *Edinburgh Review*. From this article, Dr. Uwins received the first intimation of homoeopathy; but the Doctor observes, that "while it admitted that facts were astounding in its favour, it treated the affair in so flippant a manner, that the paper was not likely to make much way with an individual who had been taught by a professor of medicine in his own school, (the late Dr. Gregory,) that 'ninety-nine out of a hundred of medical facts are medical lies, and all medical doctrines stark, staring nonsense.'" Upwards

of six years have elapsed since the publication of the above article, during which the "new system" has lain dormant, but to spring up and take root in the faith of the present year, and to secure Dr. Uwins as one of its disciples. In the pamphlet before us, the Doctor thus laconically defines Homoeopathy and Allopathy:—"The allopathic mode is the one hitherto admitted as legitimate and tenable; the homoeopathic mode is that which first suggested itself to the mind of a German physician, more than thirty years ago, while engaged in the translation of Cullen's *Materia Medica*. Homoeopathy may, for our present purpose, be translated, 'like loves like, or birds of a feather do well together;' it announces by a term, that what creates disturbance and disease, in all its apparent anomalies and varieties, will, in different proportions and due adaptations, prove a remedy for that disease; that poisons, like punishments, are 'mercies in disguise;' and that, to create a commotion in the frame of a contrary nature to that already established; to practise, in other words, allopathically, is lunging in design, and too often fatal in consequence; that nosology is nonsense; that to conceive of disordered conditions as abstract essences is downright absurdity; and that nomenclature, as hitherto constructed, is mere verbiage." Happy should we be to find all these positions established—to find medical science stripped of its mystery, and the health-giving art made as simple as the blessing which it bestows. The means by which Homoeopathy seeks, or, as some say, pretends, to accomplish this, is by atomic doses—a system which does not assimilate to the quackery of our times, or the cunning of five, ten, fifteen, or even twenty pill doses; so that experiments in the new mode are not likely to be negated by nausea. Dr. Uwins does not advocate the assumptions of homoeopathy, in the present tract, nor does he even go into the fundamentals of the doctrine of homoeopathy in an argumentative or even illustrative manner. He considers some of its positions and inferences as very objectionable, and that the total discarding of allopathy is one of its fallacies.—"The design of this tract," the Doctor adds, "is merely limited to an announcement, (upon the strength of a few recitals,) of the high value the *similia in similibus* theory of medicine has proved in imparting a power to the medical practitioner which he never possessed before, and in helping to take off that weight from the mind of a conscientious physician, which must necessarily connect itself with public appreciation beyond conscious desert."—Doctor Uwins again, from facts, concludes, "homoeopathy, be it true or false, deserves the thanks of all thinking and thankful men, for the information it has given us, respect-

ing the power possessed by doses of medicine, (prepared in a particular way,) and divided to an extent almost unbounded." Upon this principle, though a practitioner may not go the length of an adept in homoeopathy, he might materially improve upon allopathy, by stopping much short of atomic minuteness, and exhibiting merely *small* quantities. We now proceed to quote a few of Dr. Uwins's experiences.]

The first homoeopathic experiment I made was indeed, in the true spirit of homoeopathic procedure, made upon myself. A two-grain dose of James's powder was lying in my bed-room for intended use; and it occurred to me to take up by a moistened finger an unappreciable quantity, which I put on my tongue, and in the night I broke out into a general and profuse perspiration.

But the instances of trial of small doses, &c., to which I am now about to allude, are a very few from among a very many, that have been made by me during the two or three last weeks.

Mrs. —, living near Woolwich, had been beset for years with a full chorus of anomalous maladies; acid secretions from the stomach, for which she had taken carbonate of soda enough almost to neutralize all the acid contained in Apothecaries' Hall; pains, and low spirits, and sallow complexion, to which had been applied blue pill, in all its woe-ted forms and doses, to a very large amount. In a word, diet and medicine had been aimed and aimed, again and again, at her poor, sensitive body and mind, so that the task of renovating seemed almost hopeless. I gave her the forty-eighth part of a grain of blue pill, which roused and excited the functional dynamics to such an extent as to prove "more sensible in its agency than any thing she had ever before taken." She at that time had no notion of any change in therapeutic principle; her imagination had nothing, therefore, to do with the effect; but she expressed herself as being sensible that the right nail was now hit, and that I had only to continue my blows to be far more successful than I had hitherto been with her. This case, according to its subsequent demands, was afterwards treated by "the real Simon Pure" atoms, and she now visits me rather to thank me for what I have done than to ask for any thing further. I should say that after the first administration of blue pill, I told her of Hahnemann, and Quin, and homoeopathy; and the reader may, therefore, refer, so far as it shall please him, the effects thus recorded to belief and fancy. The atoms she has taken have been principally aconite, belladonna, and gold, which last she would return me in plentiful showers, were she not a little restrained by the *res angusta domi*.\*

\* The very last medicinal I ordered this lady was,

Mrs. —, Bedford Row, had been teased for months with a protracted and bronchial cough, which seemed to set at defiance time and medicine. I ordered her the twelfth part of a grain of the extract of aconite, with the same quantity of ipecacuan, to be taken at bed-time, and she awoke in the morning free from a cough which had troubled her for the time just stated. Here was a double departure from homoeopathy; for the twelfth of a grain is of enormous amount, and the true disciples of the new creed never mix two medicinal articles in one prescription. I should say that this lady was afterwards much annoyed by headaches, which were, for a time, at least, lessened by atomic doses of anemone.

Miss —, an accomplished and amiable, young lady, came from Paris in a state of complete insanity. Mixed with delusions of the wildest and most incongruous kind, she manifested a determined disposition to destroy herself, which she could only be kept from effecting by constant watching and actual confinement of her limbs. She took an homoeopathic dose of *aurum*, (gold,) which, after the lapse of a week, was repeated. Under its use she sensibly amended, and now is in a condition promising thorough recovery.

Such, my reader will say, might have been the case without assistance from gold or silver, or any thing else. I concede to him that it might; and I feel that there is less approach to demonstrable effect in this than in some other instances I have alluded to. But I may be permitted here to reiterate, what my colleague said, after witnessing the steps of the recovery:—"I begin, Dr. Uwins, now to believe that there is something in homoeopathy, and that, after all, Miss — will be restored to reason."

A lady, from the north of England had been with me two or three times during her visits to town; and fancying that she had derived benefit from my prescriptions, she requested her medical adviser in the country to write to me. I ordered her, for her nervous complainings, the forty-eighth part of a grain doses of belladonna, as far as my recollection serves me, telling the medical gentleman that if he thought me mad it was only *monomania*, for that in all other things, excepting in small doses, I hoped I was sane. He replied to me in a kind, and most candid and intelligent strain, and assured me his patient had never been so well after any

indeed, the twenty-fourth part of a grain of the *anthesis nobilis*, or common chamomile powder. This did not so well agree with her; it produced sickness, and weight about the abdomen, which is a very common consequence of small doses being misapplied. I may remark that the chamomile employed by the homoeopaths is not the *anthesis nobilis*, but the *matricaria chamomilla* of our fields and hedges.



form or any doses of medicine before :—" If," said he, or something to the same amount, " if the *post hoc* be the *propter hoc*, there certainly is something in homoeopathy." I have not heard from or of this lady since. She took in a draught of aqua distillata two minims (drops) of liq. ammon. acetatis.

A child was brought to me a few weeks ago, who, for some months previously, had been the subject of infantine convulsions. The force of these seemed to be broken by the remedies employed. I put the child upon very small (single drop) doses of tinct. of digitalis, which I have recommended in my work on Indigestion, published a few years since.\* I lost sight of my little patient for some time, from its having been sent into the country; and when the parent brought it into my study, I put out my hand and spoke to it, in order to ascertain whether he had any recollection of me.—" Oh, sir," said the father, " he is past all that;" and, upon examining him more closely, I found every appearance of an oppressed brain, and every indication of approaching dissolution. An atomic dose of aurum foliatum was put into his mouth. I called the next day, found the little fellow amusing himself with his brothers and sisters, and the parents in astonishment at the wonders that had been wrought. This child lives in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

Mr. —, of High Street, Bloomsbury. To a child of his I was called, labouring under what, in common parlance, is called typhoid fever, and apparently in an almost hopeless state—the cerebral irritation running high with the system powers exceedingly low. I asked the gentleman whom I met to let me put into his hands an aurum, which, perhaps, no real homoeopathist would have given under these circumstances. He was kind enough to administer it himself, and the child recovered. Whether it was the gold, or the subsequent almost infinitesimal doses of camphor, or the effort of nature, that effected the cure, remains—never to be proved.

I may here take occasion to say, that so far from the medical gentlemen, whom I have had the pleasure of acting with, ever in any one instance showing a desire to obstruct trials, (a feeling which the public are disposed to charge them with, they have ever shown an anxiety to see the thing pursued to the utmost extent of their responsible limits. They have often told me, that, having no faith themselves, they could not consistently do more than acquiesce in my wishes, with a conveyance of their responsibility to me; but, as lookers on, they have, one and all, been desirous to give my assurances full credit and

\* In respect to digitalis, and some other medicines, I also anticipated homoeopathic ordinances, as may be seen in the work referred to.

my medicinals a fair trial. A most interesting and intelligent practitioner, in the Kent Road, said to me when I was narrating my forty-eighth part of blue pill experience, " I am bound, sir, to believe it, because you say it; but I assure you that it is only from what I consider high and disinterested authority, that I could credit these apparent violations of all we have hitherto received as truth." This very gentleman, only the day before yesterday, said, " I am coming round, Dr. Uwins; I have done marvels with a forty-eighth part of a grain of belladonna."†

I have thus fulfilled my purpose of proving that homoeopathic principles have been abundantly serviceable, were it only that the medical practitioner is, even in their partial application to practice, furnished with entirely new powers. I intend this little tract to be the pioneer to a more systematic treatise—the result of further observation and more enlarged inquisition; and whether my faith and feelings in favour of small and, at due intervals, repeated doses, be strengthened or diminished by this more extended inquiry, I pledge myself to a full confession of all I shall then feel and think on the doctrine and its consequences.‡

Although here I do not intend to theorize, I will just intimate that an electric principle is supposed to mix with the medicinal ingredient—to be infused into the ingredient by the mode of its admixture with the vehicle—and greatly to aid the operative virtue of the atoms. In this part of the business, I find also an accordance with my own pre-conceptions; for more than once or twice have I asserted in print, that if ever medicine should receive any radical and efficient, as opposed to mere wordy and seeming, improvement, such improvement would most likely be derived from some modification of electric agency.

I will further add, that the circumstance of aerial and electric latency, summoned into being and activity by the magical command of science, may be employed as a sufficient reply to all objections advanced against the possibility of medicinal influence by atomic agency. What would have been thought, a little longer than half a century since, of a cold body containing more heat than one hotter?—And there are many, even in the

† In this, as in all cases, I only mention the main medicinal, without going through the details of other articles, which it is generally expedient, on more accounts than one, to omit.

‡ No homoeopathist would allow that *jaques à regret* I am at all entitled to rank with him, when I state that almost the last dose of medicine I prescribed before writing this note was half a grain of elaterium! When I shall be pushed back from this semi-homoeopathism into allopathic conviction, I will leave even *Caliban* behind me in penitent and self-reproaching exclamation—I will own myself a more than " thrice double brayer."

present day, who will be surprised at the announcement, that a sufficient quantity of gaseous matter is contained in a school-boy's favourite *tau*, to prevent him, if duly applied, from ever again shooting his own among his antagonist's marbles. "Get galvanized," says the Rev. T. Everest, "before you laugh at homœopathy."

## MALIBRAN.

[MR. NATHAN, author of the *Hebrew Melodies*, has collected the most interesting anecdotes and traits of Madame Malibran de Beriot, and has published them in a cheap form; so that we hope the many excellent qualities of this highly-gifted woman will be known throughout the country, as they should be; for rarely do we see associated so many excellencies of mind and heart as her brief life presents. We quote a page or two of Mr. Nathan's anecdotes.]

Templeton, the singer, may attribute the popularity he enjoys entirely to Malibran, who, with a condescension rarely equalled by individuals holding so exalted a rank in the profession as she did, took upon herself the somewhat difficult labour of becoming his instructress. This, too, she did in a mode peculiar to herself, blending good-nature with a little satirical, approaching to epigrammatic point, and thus she succeeded in animating him (to use a mythological phrase), comparatively, with a spark of her own Promethean fire. When he was not *an fait* at stage business, she would sometimes address him after this style:—"You are cold, inanimate; are you a man? Have you a wife? and do you love that wife?" On his replying in the affirmative, she would thus resume her lecture. "Then would you, if she were in such trouble, stand so far from her, and regard her with such indifference? Approach closer to me, and seem very sorry for my situation; come to me; I shall not bite you."

On one occasion, to the chagrin of Templeton, and to the great amusement of the performers, who one and all heartily enjoyed the joke; she exclaimed "Ah, Mr. Templeton, you are a very fine, tall man, but you are a very bad lover. I would rather have Mr. *Wood-leg* for my husband," pointing to the prompter.\*

Thus Templeton was actually shamed out of his dramatic torpor, and from that time acquired increased confidence and energy, which have availed him so greatly with the public. His song in "La Sonnambula," "Still so gently o'er me stealing," is a masterpiece of excellent singing and acting; and the whole of his performance with Malibran was entitled to the highest encomiums. She

\* Mr. *Wood-leg*, to whom Malibran here alluded, is a Mr. Wilnot, who some years ago had his leg amputated, and is consequently compelled to wear a wooden one.

would repeatedly stop him good humouredly, sing passages to him, saying, "I should do it thus, were I in your situation;" and she positively drilled him until his singing and acting in some instances were, in a comparative degree, nearly on a par with those of his kind and accomplished teacher.

Malibran would often display a quaint, good-humoured familiarity in conversation, and many of her observations convincingly showed that she had a rich, vivid perception of the epigrammatic. Diffident of her own powers (an unfailing test of true genius), she applied to, and received many points of information relative to the technicalities of the English stage from Mrs. C. Jones, who enjoyed in a high degree her esteem. When the prompter or manager threw out any suggestion to her on stage effect, which, from her foreign manners, was not immediately familiar to her, she, more confident in Mrs. Jones's judgment, would at once summon her, and exclaim with laughable emphasis, forgetting her name, "Where is that little fat woman?"

[The cause of Mrs. Jones playing *Tessa* "La Sonnambula" :—]

Miss Cawse was the original *Tessa*; she had left for Covent Garden. Malibran having observed Mrs. Jones's excellent acting, said to Bunn, "I should like that little fat woman to play *Tessa*?"—Bunn replied, "You may ask her."—Going up to Mrs. Jones, she says, "My dear Madam, will you play my mamma?"—"I do not sing," says Mrs. Jones, "therefore cannot play it."—"Never mind, my dear," said Malibran, "I will sing the music myself." Of course she did not do so.

Malibran was heard to exclaim the next day, "I never felt the character half so much as I did last night. Mrs. Jones played and felt the adopted mother so well, that I shall consider her really so as long as I live." After this, Mrs. Jones taught Malibran the English language; and on the third night of her performance, she presented Mrs. Jones with a ring in token of her admiration of her performance of that character.†

The season before last, when she was about quitting England, Mrs. Jones had expressed a wish to Malibran's sister, to have the autograph of Malibran; and on the next night, (being the last of her engagement,) while at supper on the stage, where she remained till half-past 3 o'clock, she rose from the table, and taking Mrs. Jones round the neck, kissed her very affectionately, and said how much she was obliged to her for all her kindness and attention to her. Mrs. Jones said, "My dear Malibran, this should not be said so publicly, but when we are alone; you express

† Presenting rings appears to have been Malibran's peculiar mode of expressing her pleasure. She gave a diamond one to Templeton for his good acting in "La Sonnambula," and one to T. Cooke for his attention in the orchestra.

your gratitude too publicly." To which she replied, "I am highly indebted to you, not only for your kind attention, but for your tuition; and I do not care expressing myself so before thousands, not only to you, but to anybody who has taught me anything."

Malibran's sister, it seems, had forgotten to name Mrs. Jones's wish of having her autograph till she was about embarking, when she wrote the following note, and sent it to Mrs. Jones by her (Malibran's) brother, on Monday morning:—

"Before I go from London, I write these few lines to express my feeling of gratitude to a kind and good tutress, as you have been to your grateful and truly attached

"M. GARCIA MALIBRAN."

"19th July, 1838."

The last season of her performance she made Mrs. Jones a present of a beautiful pair of gold filigree earrings: the manner of her doing so is worth relating. She had been taking a lesson of Mrs. Jones, and was about going to the theatre with her; Mrs. J. had gone up stairs to put on her bonnet and shawl, when Malibran, who was below, calling the servant, said to her, "Your mistress has left her earrings below, she will want to put them on, I dare say; so take them up to her." 270

### The Gatherrr.

*To preserve Food, &c., from Mice.*—If some stalks of wild mint (*Mentha hirtuta*), with the leaves on, be placed along with cheese, grain, or any other articles which are subject to the attacks of mice, these animals will not touch it, being deterred, perhaps, by the smell of the plant which they may not like. This circumstance was discovered some years ago by Mr. McDonald of Scalpa, in the Hebrides, whose grain had suffered considerably by the attacks of mice. J. H. F.

*Wormwood and Purl.*—Brande states that what our publicans sell under the name of purl, is said to be ale seasoned with the tops of wormwood, (*Artemisia Absinthium*), which Mr. Neill says is, also, sometimes employed by the distillers in Scotland, in place of hops. J. H. F.

*English Poet-Laureates.*—John Kay; Skelton; Spencer (not definitely appointed); Samuel Daniel; Ben Jonson, or Yonson; William Davenant; John Dryden; Thomas Shadwell; Nahum Tate; Nicholas Rowe; Rev. Laurence Eusden; Colley Cibber; William Whitehead; Rev. Thomas Warton; James Henry Pyc; Robert Southey.

*Addison.*—(To the Editor.)—In *Addisonia*, pp. 50-1 of the present volume, you have omitted to state that Addison's daughter inherited, in a great degree, the astonishing memory of her father; but his other intel-

lectual faculties descended to her so greatly impaired, that she was subject to occasional fits of derangement, on which account she lived in great retirement, and died at Bilton, in March, 1797, in her eightieth year.

M. K.

*An Old Woman.*—We have been to see Joice Heath, at the Masonic Hall, the coloured woman said to be 161 years old. We had never before seen a woman more than 108 years of age, which might be accounted fully good living—but Joice would serve as grandmother to the patriarch of whom we speak. When we saw her she lay in bed, quiet and noiseless.—*United States Gazette.*

*The Botanical Society of London.*—Several botanists, amateurs, and persons of scientific acquirements, are now about to form themselves into a Society, bearing the above title. One very powerful recommendation of this Society is, that ladies will be admitted members; and, as many ladies have not only a taste for the study of botany, but have acquired much practical knowledge, we feel assured they will hail so desirable an opportunity, as the present, of rendering their botanical excursions doubly valuable; knowing, that while they are enriching their own Herbaria, they will have a favourable opportunity of contributing specimens to a general herbarium for the general advancement of a study—not only delightful to botanists, but of essential utility to the public.

*Substitute for a Lantern.*—The inhabitants of Bioglio, (says a recent writer,) when they have occasion to go into the streets after dark, have a singular substitute for a candle and lantern, in making the end of a stick red-hot, and carrying it in their hands. They twist the end round as children do to produce a wheel or extended circle, which being held close to the ground, and just before their feet, gives sufficient light to guide each step.

W. G. C.

*Beards.*—In the reign of Henry VIII. (says Pennant), beards were prohibited at the great table, under pain of paying double commons. His daughter Elizabeth, in the first year of her reign, confined them to a fortnight's growth, under penalty of 3s. 4d.; but the fashion prevailed so strongly, that the prohibition was repealed, and no manner of size limited to that venerable excrescence!

W. A. B.

The annual sale of English literature now amounts to two millions and a half sterling. Germany, however, is the most reading nation in the world.

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